

The Weekly Museum.

Four Cents single.]

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[Whole Numb 512.]

MIRANDA. OR THE DISCOVERY.

[CONCLUDED.]

BUT as no retirement will conceal the charms of beauty, nor any circle, however confined, prevent the fame of accomplishments from spreading beyond its limit; Mr. Maxwell, a neighboring gentleman of fortune and character, was soon captivated with the reports of Miranda's excellencies, and as he was a widower not much past the prime of life, and had yet an inclination again to wear the silken chains of matrimony, he determined to visit the fair; and if he found her worthy his heart, to offer his hand; an offer which he doubted not would be accepted, as his person was far from being disagreeable, his manners polished and elegant, his character unexceptionable, and his fortune very far above any expectations which orphan indigence could form.

To a man of Mr. Maxwell's consequence, few excuses were necessary for a liberty, which however improper among people of equal fortunes, custom has unworthily commissioned the possessors of wealth to take, with those whose situations in life are less eminently favored by the smiles of the blind and undistinguishing gods.

But Mr. Maxwell was not of a disposition to avail himself of this unmerited superiority, he languished for a proper introduction, and suffered all the pains of impatience till accident threw in his way the gratification of his wishes. The house which the ladies inhabited was advertised for sale; and, under pretence of an intention to purchase, he obtained permission, in consequence of a proper request, to inspect it on a particular day, which at his instance had been named by the fair tenants.

On that day, Mr. Maxwell hastened to the village, and in the earliest moment that had been mentioned; he alighted at Mrs. Ingoldby's door, not without the most flattering expectations that the politeness of the ladies would prove instrumental to the attachment of the only object he had in view.

Nor were his hopes disappointed; after he had viewed the house and gardens with an air of an intended purchaser, the refreshment of tea was proposed to him, and being accepted without hesitation, he was introduced to the fair, the amiable, the still mourning Miranda.

Prepared by the universal voice to admire, love was the immediate consequence of a visit, which he requested leave to repeat in terms with which civility could not refuse to comply; and a very few days confirmed Mr. Maxwell the ardent, and the professed lover of Miranda.

But her heart was still engaged, nor could she abandon even an hopeless passion; she wished to indulge her regrets through life, and was averse to every proposition which tended to turn the edge of her melancholy, and most to those which offered a new object for the affections.

Yet the character, the fortune, the unobjectionable person of Mr. Maxwell, were urged to her by her only friends, with such energy, but mildness of persuasion, that, enforced by the de-

clarations of her admirer, that he hoped not to inspire her with love, but to engage her friendship, and opinion, that in accepting the hand of a man advanced in years, she offered less violence to her former engagement, than if she yielded to the solicitations of a young and pleasing lover; she was prevailed on to promise Mr. Maxwell the accomplishment of his wishes; and a day, at no very considerable distance, was named for the completion of his happiness.

The necessary preparations now engaged the attention of Maxwell and the two matron ladies; whilst Miranda, like a sacrifice adorned with garlands for the altar, passively yielded to the assiduities of her friends, and suffered the ornaments of her person, and the intended provisions of settlement, to be adjusted, without interfering in the management, or participating in the result.

But, a very few mornings before the appointed day, when the intended nuptials were to take place, as Miranda was at breakfast with her mother and aunt, a servant put into her hands a letter, which being known by the superscription to be from Mr. Maxwell, she immediately delivered it to Mrs. Ingoldby, who, to the utter astonishment of both her auditors, read aloud the contents of it as follows:

MADAM,

THAT your heart is not at all interested in the intended event, you have with that candour, which renders your character the object of universal admiration, frequently acknowledged to me; you will not therefore even wish to receive an apology for my releasing you from an unsuitable engagement: but as my heart still holds you dear, and your virtues and beauties will ever possess my mind with unalterable regard; so I think it my duty to explain to you the motives by which I am influenced, in a conduct, which however censurable it may appear in the public eye, will, I am persuaded, find a full justification in your goodness of heart, and in the sensibility of your worthy relations.

My long lost son! my son, who I had for years resigned to Heaven, is restored to me; and Providence, which has bestowed on me this consummate of happiness, will not permit me to add to it a wish which concerns myself.

But I have another explanation to make, in which I am to bespeak your forgiveness for an imposition, which however innocent with respect to myself, I must confess to have been rather improper with regard to you. My real name is not Maxwell, which I assumed upon the supposed death of my son, when I retired from my usual place of residence, in a distant part of the kingdom, to avoid the importunities of some worthless and disagreeable relations; and this secret I entrusted to only one friend in the metropolis, from whom my son procured directions to his concealed and almost forgotten father.

It is at the particular instance of this son, that I take the liberty to inclose an order on my banker for three thousand pounds, which I intreat you to accept as a small tribute of my gratitude, for your intended goodness to him; who, till he

has the honor to disclose to you in person his real name, begs leave to subscribe himself, Madam,

Your most devoted, obliged, and
Obedient servant,

J. MAXWELL.

P. S. Let me intreat you to suffer me to introduce my son to you in the course of our morning's ride.

Before the three could recover from the surprise which this extraordinary epistle had occasioned, the arrival of Mr. Maxwell and another gentleman was announced: and the former entered the room, he presented his son to Miranda; who, having uttered the words, "Mr. Monson!" fell motionless into the arms of his father.

The conclusion of the story is obvious. He who held the welfare of his son in higher estimation than his own happiness, could have no objection to a match which heaven itself had ordained: and where worth, honor, beauty, virtue, and fortune, are united, happiness must be the sure, the constant attendant.

CHARIESSA;

OR A PATTERN FOR HER SEX.

By Mr. HAYLEY.

CHARIESSA was the youngest child of a worthy and active gentleman, who, though his name had a place in the will of a very opulent father, suffered many hardships, in the early part of his life, from the scantiness of his patrimony. His father was infected with that ridiculous, or rather detestable, pride, by which many persons are tempted to leave their younger children in absolute indigence, from the vain and absurd prospect of aggrandizing an eldest son; a project which was suggested to the old gentleman we are speaking of by his discovery of a genealogical table, which unluckily enabled him to trace his progenitors to the reign of Edward the Fourth, when it appeared that one of his ancestors was high sheriff for the county in which he resided.

As the father of Charieffa had keenly felt all the evils arising from an unjust distribution of property, he determined to leave whatever fortune he might himself acquire, in equal proportions among his children. From a very fortunate marriage, and much unexpected success in life, he was enabled, at his decease, to leave to his son, and to each of his daughters, a portion equivalent to sixteen thousand pounds.

The son had been educated in one of the first merchantile houses in London; and, at the time of his father's death, was just returned from a tour to the continent, where he had been engaged in fixing his future correspondencies, before he settled as a merchant.

He had passed some few years in trade, when his uncle the eldest brother of his father, died without issue, and left him the family estate, on the condition of his quitting commerce entirely, and residing at the ancient seat of the Tracums. He obeyed the injunction of the will, and retired into the country with his wife; who,

tho a celebrated beauty, was a lady of infinite discretion, and distinguished thro life by the most prudent attention to a numerous family.

Squire Trackum, as we shall now call him, changed his manners with his place of abode; and quitted the grave address of the important merchant, to assume the boistrous jocularly of the Esquires that surrounded him. In a short time he was so completely metamorphosed, that, in his first visit to town, he greatly astonished and entertained his old acquaintance of the city; but his real character remained the same.

[To be continued.]

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ANN SANDS.

TIS done! she's gone! her better part is fled,
But whence? and where? Tho' number'd with the dead,
Yet still she lives in endless bliss to sing
Eternal praises to her heavenly King.
Thrice happy wife! thy race is quickly run,
Thy task is finish'd ere 'tis well begun;
I give thee joy, thou hast escap'd from woe,
And all the cares that mortals feel below;
Thy God has snatch'd thy blooming soul away,
From scenes of sickness to immortal day;
To seats of bliss eternal and secure,
Where joy is certain, and contentment sure.
Why should the tear then tremble in the eye?
Why heave the bosom with a mournful sigh?
Was not her virtuous soul prepar'd to meet
Her gracious Maker at his judgment seat?
Did she not quit this lower world resign'd?
Tho' rack'd in body, yet compos'd in mind.
And since nor art, nor friendship's soothing pow'r,
Could aught avail beyond the fatal hour;
Since neither health, nor e'en the beauteous frame
Of earth's fair daughters, or the sons of fame,
Can long exist in this inconstant world,
Where all to ruin soon or late are hurl'd:
Since too from future pains and future care
She's call'd thus early to a brighter sphere,
Why should we mourn her flight from earth below,
Who with her Maker smiles a cherub now!

ON TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE has those particular advantages above all other means of preserving health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions at any season, or in any place: it is a kind of regimen which every man may observe without interruption to business, expence of money, or loss of time. Every animal but man confines himself to one sort of food; one species lives on herbs, another on fish, and a third on flesh; but man snatches every thing that comes in his way, nothing escapes him, nor even the least fruit, nor the least productions of the earth. A berry or mushroom incites sensuality in man. Notwithstanding Socrates lived in Athens in the time of a great plague, yet he alone remained without the infection, which the historians unanimously attribute to the uninterrupted temperance which he observed.

ANECDOTES.

A Lady having expressed her wonder to Dr. Johnson, that Milton, who had written so sublime a poem as the *Paradise Lost*, should have been so very inferior to himself in the composition of his sonnets, he replied, "Is it then a matter of surprise, madam, that the hand which was able to scoop a Colossus of the most perfect symmetry from a rock, should fail in the attempt to form the head of Venus out of a cherry stone?"

A Country gentleman asked a Merry Andrew why he played the fool? To which the buffoon answered, "For the same reason as you do---for want; but your's is for want of wit, and mine for want of money."

MAXIM.

THAT modesty which seems to decline praise, is only the desire of being praised more delicately.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO WAR.

DREAD power accurst, whose streaming hand
Hath drench'd the eastern world in gore;
Whose breath pestiferous, and blazing brand,
Have spread wide devastation on her shore:
Too long the earth hath heard thy clarion roar,
Hath seen too long thy ensign drear unfurl'd:
Oh sheathe thy sabre, bend thy bow no more,
Nor quite depopulate the world:
Approach not these far plains, oh, warring War!
Cross not with ENVOYER, the Atlantic flood,
For where she thundering rolls her furious car,
The path is paved with blood!
Green nod the forests on COLUMBIA'S hills,
Wide wave the harvests o'er her fertile plains;
And Harmony on purest ether trills
Her most enchanting, soul-subduing strains:
Yet, if thy voice be heard, her song shall cease,
The withering woods shall mourn their verdure's gleam,
PLENTY and JOY shall flee with banish'd PEACE,
And one o'erwhelming RUIII blast the scene!

ANNA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO THE EYES OF MISS

ELOQUENT orbs--Oh may your glories prove,
Like Cupid's darts, the harbingers of love!
In native brilliance may you ever shine,
Zealous and just, determin'd, yet benign:
And may the Power that taught you first to view
Heaven's broad expanse illuminated blue,
Around your dear possessor place his arms,
No ill shall then ensue, but free from harms,
Death, more than life, shall be replete with charms.

ANNA.

FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

EPISTLE TO DAMON,

On presenting him with a small Writing Desk, and a Letter Case.

THIS small machine which Sylvia once obtain'd
When well-form'd strokes the humble conquest gain'd,
Has witness'd each effusion of my heart;
Each line where love has flow'd unmix'd with art.
Here when a parent's absence I deplo'r'd,
My infant mind its early sorrows pour'd:
Here every tender wish by friendship form'd,
Each scene with which the muse my bosom warm'd,
Each soft, each dear emotion of my breast,
Has on this little tablet been express'd.
To thy lov'd hands I now the prize resign,
Convinc'd that it will please, since it was mine,
I know its form, by age, is furrow'd o'er,
A mirror too it own'd, which is no more;
But marks which it has gain'd in serving me,
Thy heart with no unpleasant thoughts shall see;
Nor need the broken mirror make thee sigh,
The spoils of paper shall its loss supply:
That to reflect thy face was but design'd,
While this shall show each beauty of thy mind.
The glass unfaithful to its trust had prov'd,
And lost thy image as thy form remov'd;
But paper shall thy pictur'd heart retain
Across the distant land and rolling main;
That heart whose virtues charm thy Sylvia more
Than all the beauties common minds adore.
Then take this humble present from my hand,
And only let me urge this soft command:
Let anger nor contention here have part,
Reserve it for the commerce of the heart:
Here let the generous wish of freedom glow,
Here let each line of fond affection flow,
And sacred let this tablet ever prove,
To duty, friendship, liberty and love:

SYLVIA.

A MORSEL.

Says Jack to Ned, in friendly chat,
"For money each thing's giv'n;"
"Hold, hold," says Ned, "you're out in that---"
"Money will not buy Heav'n."

THE SORROWS OF WAR.

SAUNTERING the other evening through the street
my eye was arrested by the appearance of a young
gentleman from one of the houses, his whole air becom-
marked by grief and distraction. My heart instantly felt
interested in his fate; and, unheeded by my companions,
who were assembled round the body of a fallen horse, I
sprung from the wall against which I leaned, and follow-
ed him. He walked with a quick and hurried pace to-
wards the Park. I observed him frequently strike
his hand against his forehead with furious violence. Stran-
ger as he was to me, yet the elegant symmetry of his form
and the uncommon agitation which seemed to shake his
frame, filled my bosom with unutterable anguish, and
determined me to pursue him as far as possible. I follow-
ed him at a distance. When he arrived at the bank of
the river, he stood for some time with his arms folded,
gazing at the water. My fears told me his intention, and
I drew nearer. It was then that I had an opportunity of
viewing the agonies of his countenance---every movement
of his features pierced my soul---his frantic eye flashed the
terrific lightnings of despair. He stood for an instant;
then, making a sudden spring, he would have plunged
into the river; but, at the moment, I sprang forward;
and, catching him by the arm, exclaimed---"Good God,
sir, forbear!" He turned hastily round; and, drawing a
deep sigh, fell lifeless on my breast. My feelings were
beyond description: I flew to the bank; and, bringing
some water in my hat, with difficulty recovered him.
He opened his eyes; and, suddenly grasping my hand---
"To what a wretched existence have you not preserved
me!" I assisted him to rise, while tears ran in showers
over his cheeks. My heart was too horror-struck to in-
dulge in such a soft sorrow. He saw my terror in my
countenance; and, turning to me, with all the agony of
his soul depicted on his face, he said, "I shall ever be
grateful to Heaven, and to you, who have prevented me
from bearing my present misery in the next world, by
the commission of the horrible act of suicide. But I have
sorrows that might have caused a braver heart than mine
to seek, in the arms of death, a temporary repose!" At
these words, his emotions convulsed his frame in such a
manner, that he was obliged to throw himself on the
ground, and give way to the force of his grief. At last,
he continued---"You see before you a man, who now has
not a friend on earth. I once had a mother, a brother, a
sister, and a friend; but, in the course of these very
few months, they have left me, miserable beyond human
bearing. Early in this year, my only brother fell a vic-
tim to the most shocking of all diseases, the yellow fever,
in the West Indies. At these last tidings, my mother,
whose favorite child he was, and whom I loved with
more than a son's affection, sickened, and died. The sen-
sible heart of my sister, my Isabella, sunk under the accu-
mulated woes; her senses forsook her; and, two months
ago, she expired raving in my arms, without even afford-
ing me the melancholy satisfaction of receiving a last adieu
from one whom I so tenderly loved. Notwithstanding
all this, I consented to live. I yet had one heart to
which I felt myself most strongly attached. It was the
lover of my Isabella, the Chevalier De---. He was
born of one of the most illustrious families of the late
French court; but the noble qualities of his soul were still
more princely than those of his birth. To one of the
most graceful and attractive forms in nature, he united all
the elegant refinement of polished society, with all the
magnanimous virtue, heroic courage, and tenderness of
heart, which we find so eloquently drawn in the long for-
gotten pages of Romance. The Chevalier adored my sis-
ter, with an ardour which, to be conceived, must be felt:
she, poor girl! returned it with equal fervor. Ah! how
many hours have they spent in anticipating the future days
of their felicity! O my Isabella! my Theodore! you are
now in Heaven. I would to God, that this stubborn heart
would break, that I might follow you!" Here again he
burst forth into a fresh paroxysm of grief. After a pause of
ten minutes, he proceeded---"In the course of some days,
when I had sufficiently calmed my feelings, so as to im-
part the dreadful news to my friend with more composure,
I wrote to him, and sent the letters. He was then on
board the transports for the Venetian descent. The ship
was under way when he received my shocking intelli-
gence; and I heard not how he bore it, till a relation of
the fatal catastrophe of the cruel fortunes of the emigrants
arrived in town. An officer called this morning on me;
and, as he presented me with a letter from my Theodore,
he stabbed me to the heart with the words, that it was
written in his dying moments! I hastily tore it open;
and, O my God! where were my agonies, when I beheld

that it was written with his blood! I held it in my hand an hour, before I could fix my eyes on the dreadful characters. But here it is, you may read it yourself." He then gave into my hand the fatal paper. I read the words which follow, with a pity and horror which I had never felt before--

"MY DEAR EDWARD,
"I AM now dying, even on the field in which I have fought to serve the last remains of the family of the monarch whom I loved. Louis XVIII, perhaps, may pity the early fate of one, whose house has ever been honored with the particular friendship of the Kings of France; but I want it not: I fought death, and I have found it. The agonies of my dead Isabella had sunk too deep into my heart, ever to have suffered me long to linger after her; therefore, my beloved friend! mourn not for me; be happy that I die in the glorious bed of honor, rather than at home expire of a broken heart. My strength fails me, or I would write more. Adieu, thou dear brother of the angel whom I am now going to join! Adieu, my Edward! and sometimes recollect with tenderness on the memory of your dying friend,
(THEODORE DE...)"

Every line which I read of this melancholy epistle, I deluged with my tears. Edward grasped my hand--"O! do I suffer too much for the death of such a friend?" I could only answer him by returning his pressure. We both rose, and as we slowly walked along, I turned to him, and, with all the tenderness and eloquence I was master of, attempted to soothe the poignancy of his affliction. He looked on me with an eye in which a ray of pleasure seemed to gleam even through his tears; and said, "You have been my preserver! Young as you are, you felt for my sorrows; and, if you will not despise the esteem of one, whose life must ever be clouded with melancholy, suffer me to call you my friend, and I shall not be wholly miserable!" These welcome words struck my soul with the electricity of sudden delight; and, flinging my arms round his neck, I embraced him with all the affection of a brother.
CLASSICS.

SATURDAY, April 21, 1798.

ACCIDENT.

Two men were unfortunately killed on Thursday afternoon, by a fall from a scaffold on the top of a house in Broad-street, belonging to Mr Turnbull. They were employed in repairing a steep slated roof. This accident we learn, was owing to some defect in the scaffold. One of the unhappy sufferers, first made a mis-step, and his companion, in endeavoring to save him, unfortunately fell at the same time, and both instantly expired.

Extract of a letter from Albany, April 25.

"We have a very great flood--boats come up to Wendell's hotel and Kane's store, and in several parts of the pasture the water is from 10 to 15 feet high. Great damage has been done to the houses there. Many of the chimneys are washed down."

From Philadelphia, April 11.

IMPORTANT.

"This day (Wednesday) the Ship Phoenix, Capt. Gracie, arrived here from Amsterdam, which port she left on the 18th Feb.--At that time the People of Amsterdam were in hourly expectation of a fraternal visit from the French. A large column of troops had arrived within a short distance of Hamburg, from whence they were to proceed to Amsterdam. The design of the expedition was to seize upon all British merchandize that might be found in those places, and the extermination of the British merchants.

"The Phoenix brought DISPATCHES from our Commissioners, as late as Feb. 19, when they were still at Paris, in the same hopeless situation mentioned in their last dispatches. Indeed, it is said the French were becoming, if possible, still more arrogant and insulting; and that from the danger to which the Commissioners were exposed, it was expected they would very soon remove from Paris.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18.

Yesterday, the House of Representatives of the United States went into a committee of the whole on the State of the Union, on the bill to enable the President to procure cannon, arms and ammunition, and for other purposes:

when, after considerable debate, the blank containing the sum for the purchase of cannon, small arms, ammunitions and military stores, was filled with eight hundred thousand dollars, and that for the hire, purchase and employ of foundries and armories, with one hundred thousand dollars. The bill was gone through, and ordered to be read a third time to-morrow.

LONDON, Feb. 20.

Yesterday, in the House of Lords, the Duke of Bedford moved from an humble address to his Majesty, praying him to dismiss his present Ministers from the situation which they hold under the crown.--Agreed to: and it was ordered that the House be summoned on the 12th March.

The dispatches received by the Lisbon Mail, which arrived on Friday, state--the Executive Directory has made formal demand of the Court of Spain for permission to march 50,000 troops through that country for the attack on Portugal, which demand the weak Cabinet of Madrid has complied with, although the consequences are so obvious.

The Council of Madrid did not agree to grant the passage required until after repeated deliberations during four days. One party of the Council was of opinion that there was less danger in hostilities, which the Directory threatened in case of refusal, than in acceding to the demand of marching Republican troops through the country. But the other party having the greatest preponderance, the measure was carried. Time will shew its consequences.

February 24.

The French troops now on their march to enter Switzerland in different points amount to 50,000. Twenty thousand of the army of the Upper Rhine are to enter by Basle, under General Schauenburg; General Menard will command fourteen or fifteen thousand; and an equal number will arrive from Italy. General Brune is to be Commander in Chief.

We are informed from Lyons, that since that commune was declared in a state of siege 1500 persons, either requisitionaries, emigrant, or assassins have been arrested.

An attempt was made on the night between 12th and 13th instant to cut down the tree of liberty in the commune of Charrone near Paris. The culprit, however, was discovered, and confessed that he had been instigated to do so by a woman named Orendi, daughter of a former Commandant of Rocroi. The lady has since been conducted to the Temple.

FRANCE.

Relative to the entry of the French into Rome, the Redacteur, and all the other papers, contain the following article:

ARMY OF ITALY.

"ROME IS FREE--The people have resumed their rights of sovereignty, by proclaiming their independence--by giving to themselves the government of ancient Rome, and by constituting the Roman republic.

"The following are some of the details respecting this memorable event.

"On the 27th Pluviose (February 15th) the people repaired in great crowds to the place Campo Formio. It was there with shouts they proclaimed their liberty, and that the Roman republic refuscinated by an act signed by several thousands of the citizens. The tree of liberty was afterwards planted before the capitol, and in several of the public places.

"At noon a deputation from the people, bearing the colors of the Roman Republic, went to find the general in chief, Berthier, in the camp under the walls of Rome, and presented to him the wishes of the Roman people, and also their provincial government.

"The commander in chief, after having received the deputation, proceeded immediately to the capitol. He arrived there preceded by the music and by the grenadiers of the army, and followed by his etat-major, with one hundred-horseman from every regiment of cavalry. The procession passed through the city, in the midst of an immense crowd of people, who were electrified by the most holy enthusiasm.

"In fine, the Revolution is effected in Rome. The Altars of Liberty have been raised in the Capitol. Five Consuls are there invested with the Executive Power. The other Members of the Provisional Government are installed in the place of the Papal Government. Persons and property are every where respected, and every where they bless the prudent demeanor of our troops."

COURT of HYMEN.

MAY mutual love the joyful pairs unite,
And social friendship kindle soft delight;
May pleasing transports each dull care destroy,
And HYMEN crown their nuptial beds with joy.

MARRIED

On Thursday evening the 12th inst. at Cripple Bush, Long Island, by the Rev. Mr Low, Mr PETER SHARPE, of Brooklyn, to Miss CHRISTINA NOSTRAND, daughter of the late John Nosttrand, Esq. of Cripple Bush.

Same evening, by the Rev. Mr Clark, Mr EPHRAIM T. SILVER, merchant, to Miss ELIZA ROGERS, both Allentown, (N J).

MORTALITY.

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour--
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. GRAY.

DIED.

On Sunday last, in the 21st year of her age, Mrs. ANN SANDS, wife of Capt. Philip Sands, of this city.

On Tuesday last, at Shawangunk, (Ulster County) Miss MARIA ROBINSON, daughter of Col. Robinson. This is the second daughter Col. Robinson has lost within a fortnight.

On Thursday last, in this city, after a lingering illness, Mr. JOSIAH FURMAN, aged 43 years.

THE Printer requests such of his Subscribers, who intend moving at May, to leave their address at his office, as soon as possible, that he may be able to serve them with his usual punctuality.

NEW THEATRE.

THIS EVENING WILL BE PRESENTED

(BY PARTICULAR DESIRE)

A celebrated TRAGEDY, called,
ROMEO and JULIET.

Romeo, Mr Cooper,
And, Juliet, Mrs Johnson,

In act 5th, the grand Funeral Procession of Juliet, to the Monument of the Capulets, with a Solemn Dirge.

To which will be added;

A Musical Entertainment, called,

THE JUBILEE,
In honor of Shakespeare.

In act 2d will commence a Grand Pageant, Exhibiting some of the principal Situations in Shakespeare's most celebrated Acting Plays, viz.

Hamlet. Richard 3d. Anthony and Cleopatra.
Macbeth. King Lear.
Tragic Mistle, Mrs Johnson.

Tempest. Merry Wives of Windsor. Merchant of Venice.
Comic Mistle, Madame Gardie.

The Piece will conclude with a grand Roundelay and Chorus, in an elegant new Temple.

VIVAT RESPUBLICA.

George Buckmaster, Boat Builder,
No. 191, Cherry-street, opposite the Hay Scales, Ship Yards, New-York.

INFORMS his friends, that he has removed his Boat Shop from Water-street to the above situation, where he has a number of Boats completed of almost every dimension, and on terms as low as any in New-York.
April 21, 1798. 12--6m

TWO ROOMS TO LET.

Ready furnished, with or without Board: Likewise two or three Gentlemen can be accommodated with Boarding and Lodging in a private family, at no. 251, Water-street, near Peck-slip. April 12. 12--16



COURT of APOLLO.

ABSENCE.

ALAS! they've torn my love away,
To range a foreign part;
May heav'n preserve him night and day,
And cheer his faithful heart:
But mine, alas! no joy can find,
Tho' jocund swains appear,
In vain they strive to ease my mind,
For Henry is not there.

How oft beside the purling stream,
And often in the grove,
When shelter'd from the sultry beam,
He told his tender love:
Ah! then my heart was free from pain,
A stranger to all care;
But now all joy deserts the plain,
For Henry is not there.

Tho' absent from my charming youth,
My love is still the same;
May he return with equal truth,
And never rove again:
There happy in my rural cot,
I'll banish ev'ry fear,
Contented with my humble lot,
If Henry is but there.

ANECDOTE.

WHEN Alderman Crampton, who acquired an immense fortune in the business of a bookfeller, first began trade in Dublin, the few volumes he had collected were not sufficient to fill his shop; but knowing how much the world is led by appearances, he had recourse to a whimsical expedient, which fully answered his purpose. In a few days his shelves appeared completely filled, but (as he afterwards confessed to his friends) it was done thus:—Locke on Education consisted of a couple of bricks neatly covered and labelled; Theobald's edition of Shakespeare was made up of some square boxes of bran, which his wife had collected for domestic uses; Hill's voluminous works were neatly made up in wood; and the Sure Guide to Salvation was labelled on his square tobacco-box. These substitutes, as his finances flourished, were exchanged for the volumes they represented; but in many instances he used sarcastically to observe—the change was not much for the better.

BY order of the hon. Robert R. Livingston, Esq. Chancellor of the State of New-York, upon the petition of Samuel Allen, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction with so many of his creditors as have debts bona fide owing to them by the said Samuel Allen, amounting at least to three fourths of all the monies owing by the said Samuel Allen. All the creditors of the said Samuel Allen are hereby required to shew cause, if any they have, before the said Chancellor by the last Thursday in April next, at his dwelling house in the city of New-York, why an assignment of the said Samuel Allen's estate should not be made for the benefit of all his creditors, and the said Samuel Allen discharged, according to an act of the legislature of the State of New-York, intitled, "An act for giving relief in cases of insolvency," passed 21st March, 1788. Dated this 7th day of March, 1798. SAMUEL ALLEN. Abel Buckley and John N. Kershaw, two petitioning creditors.

TO LET,

A convenient School Room, in an airy and conspicuous situation of the city, and a prosperous and good neighborhood. Said room is now occupied as such, and has been for above five years past. There are some utensils to be let with it, suitable to the purpose. For particulars apply at this office. April 13, 1798. 13f 11--1f.

MORALIST.

BENEVOLENCE.

WHEN thou considerest thy wants, when thou beholdest thy imperfections, acknowledge his goodness, O son of humanity! who honoured thee with reason, endued thee with speech, and placed thee in society, to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations.

Thy food, thy clothing, thy convenience of habitation; thy protection from the injuries, thy enjoyments of the comforts and pleasures of life: all these thou owest to the assistance of others, and couldst not enjoy but in the bands of society.

It is thy duty therefore to be a friend to mankind, as it is thy interest that man should be friendly to thee.

As the rose breatheth sweetness from its own nature, so the heart of a benevolent man produceth good works.

He enjoyeth the ease and tranquillity of his own breast, and rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbor.

He openeth not his ear unto slander; the faults and the failings of men give a pain to his heart.

His desire is to do good, and he searcheth out the occasions thereof; in removing the oppressions of another he relieveth himself.

From the largeness of his mind, he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men: and from the generosity of his heart, he endeavoreth to promote it.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

[Price 75 Cents.]

And for sale at the Book-Stores of Gaine and Ten Eyck, no. 148, Pearl-street, E. Duycknick and Co. no. 110, Pearl-street, Brown and Stansbury, no. 114, Water-street, J. Harrison, no. 3, Peck-slip, N. S. Judah, Water-street, Thomas Greenleaf, no. 34, Wall-street, and by the Author, no. 178, William-street.

A collection of

SELECT BIOGRAPHY:

OR, THE BULWARK OF TRUTH.

Being a Sketch of the Lives and Testimonies of many eminent Laymen, who have professed their belief in, and attachment to, the Christian Religion—whether distinguished as Statesmen, Patriots, Philosophers, &c. to which are prefixed two Letters to Thomas Paine, containing some important Queries and Remarks relating to the probable tendency of his Age of Reason.

Whence, but from Heaven, should men unskill'd in art
In different nations born, in different parts—
Weave such agreeing truths? Or how? Or why?
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gains, and martyrdom their price.

DRYDEN.

BY D. FRASER,

Author of the Young Gentleman and Lady's Assistant
Columbian Monitor, &c.

W. PALMER,

Japanner and Ornamental Painter,
HAS removed from the corner, opposite the Federal Hall, to no. 106 Pearl-street, corner of the Old-slip where he continues to carry on the
Fancy Chair, and Cornice Business.

Has some of the newest London Patterns, also a number of Fancy Chairs upon hand, which he will sell on the lowest possible terms.

N. B. Gilding, Varnishing, and Sign Painting executed in the neatest manner, and shortest notice. Mays 7.

LIME.

THE best Rhode-Island LIME for sale, at all times, at no. 49 Barclay street, a red house, near the lower end, by the canal or otherwise. A printed direction for the right method of preparing and using it in white-washing, will be given. As there are others lately commenced the same business, in the same street and vicinity, it would be well not to make a mistake, as to the right place, for it ought to be known that there is as much difference in this article as in any other. April 6. 10 4f 1

At H. Caritat's Circulating Library,

PEARL STREET, NO. 93.

WILL be sold this morning, at one shilling a piece the new Catalogue of his Library, containing beyond 1200 nos. which form about 4000 vols. and fill up 64 pages, on account of its accuracy respecting either the titles, nature, merit or loss of the works as well as the names of their authors. In order to understand the full improvement of the whole, H. Caritat begs of his friends to consider that of the books contained in the Catalogue of the Library he formerly bought, the greatest part he either never had, or that they were imperfect, or worn out. It is therefore by every exertion in his power, that he availed himself of the means this place could afford to form a good collection, having expunged of the old one with the greatest severity what could give no satisfaction to his subscribers. He has likewise already provided himself with a sufficient number of duplicates, so that at the ensuing season the subscribers in town may not suffer from those in the country, which last he will endeavor to accommodate on the most easy terms; and as now for a further rapid and steady improvement, he cannot entirely depend on the occasional importation of books in this city.

H. Caritat from this period will have a direct correspondence with London, in order first to get what he could not find here, and to have for the future, regularly and speedily forwarded to him, every thing new that may suit his customers.

D. GREENWOOD, Surgeon Dentist,

No. 14 Vesey Street, opposite St. Paul's Church Yard,

PERFORMS every operation incident to the Teeth and Gums: he transplants and grafts natural teeth, likewise makes and fixes artificial teeth without the least pain, some of which are of a peculiar kind, the enamel being to hard as to produce fire when struck with steel, and is as beautiful as that upon the human teeth.

Dr. GREENWOOD has a particular way of cleaning the teeth that does not give the least pain, and at the same time he gives the teeth a beautiful polish and whiteness, with directions, which, if followed, will keep them white, sound, and free from pain during life.

PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

Transplants teeth 3 guineas each; grafts natural teeth from 2 to 4 dollars each; artificial teeth from 1 dollar to a 1-2 each; cleanses and files the teeth from 1 to 3 dollars each person.

N.B. As there is many a good set of teeth neglected and ruined for the want only of proper directions to preserve them, Dr. GREENWOOD will for the benefit of those who chuse to apply, give his advice gratis, and at the same time point out the cause of their decay in so plain a manner that a child of six years of age may comprehend it, and by that means induce them to remove the millions of creatures which are every moment helping to destroy both the teeth and gums. To convince those who may doubt the operator will shew those Animacules as represented by the famous George Adams in his Micrographia Illustrata, &c.

No. 14 Vesey street, opposite St. Paul's Church Yard.

For Publication by Subscription,

A celebrated and much admired New Novel, entitled,
The Children of the Abbey.

A Tale—in four volumes.

BY REGINA MARIA ROCHE.

Author of the Maid of the Hamlet, and Vicar of Lankshire,

The London edition sold for a dollar and a quarter a volume, making five dollars for the set, we (provided this proposal meets with sufficient patronage) will print it equally well, two volumes in one, at 2 dollars a volume stitched, or a dollar and a quarter handomely bound, making two dollars and a half for the set, half the price of the London edition. Each volume to be paid for on delivery.

Subscription papers may be found at Mr. Caritat's Circulating Library, 93 Pearl street, at J. Harrison's Book-store, 3 Peck slip, and at the principal book stores in this city.

TO LET,

A Two Story House, situate in Rutgers street, containing 8 fire places. The house has a new brick front, with a convenient back building, a good yard, cistern, and other conveniences. Enquire of Mrs. Grant, corner of Rutgers street.